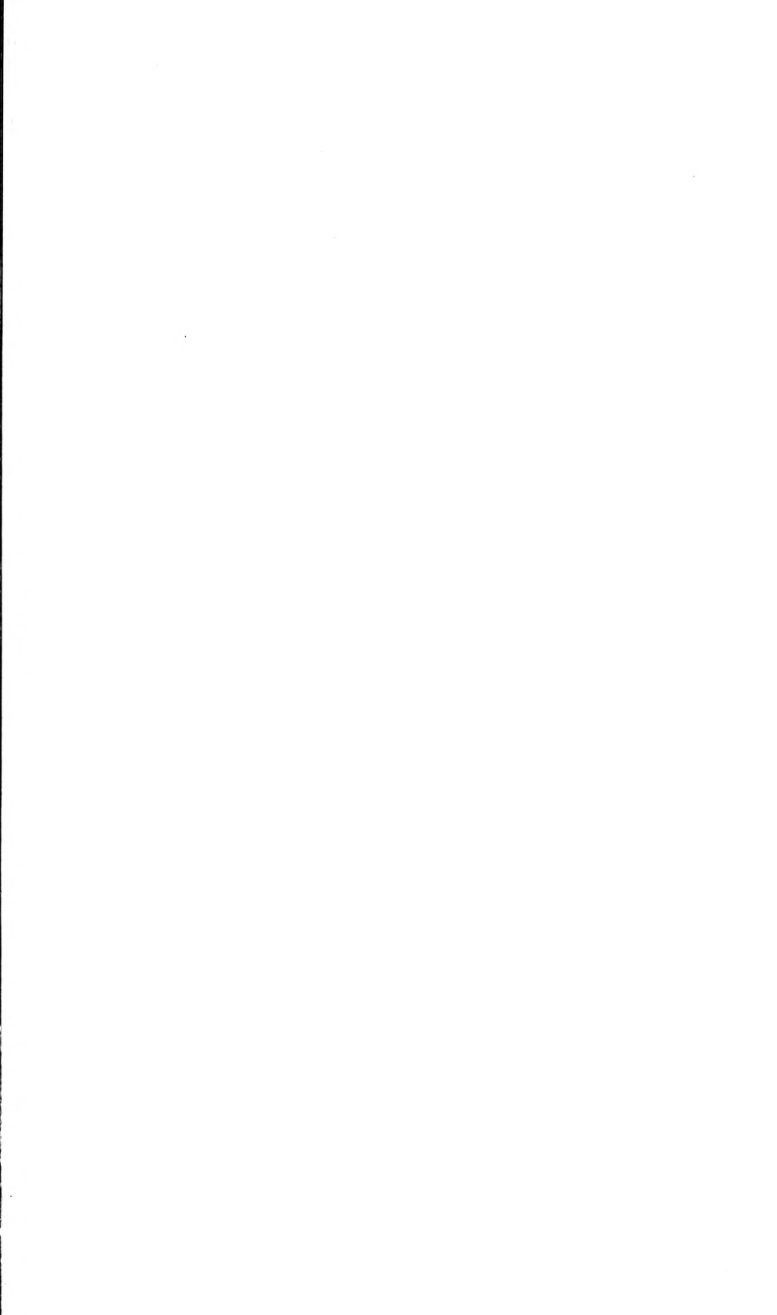


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A GIFT.

BORDER ADVENTURES:

OR, THE

Romantic Incidents

OF A

NEW-ENGLAND TOWN:

AND OTHER POEMS.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS.

1851

Washington D. C.

BORDER ADVENTURES:

OR,

With the record
of the Author

The Romantic Incidents

OF A

NEW-ENGLAND TOWN;

AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

BY EUGENE BATCHELDER,

AUTHOR OF THE EXTRAVAGANZA, ENTITLED, A "ROMANCE OF THE SEA
SERPENT, OR ICTHYOSAURUS."



Jan 11th 1851,

BOSTON:

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS.

Eugene Batchelder
Massall House Old Cambridge
Jan 11 1851

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Boston, Oct. 21, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the honor to enclose the following copy of a resolution passed at the centennial dinner at New Ipswich, on the 11th of September.

Voted, That the thanks of the Natives of New Ipswich, and their friends here assembled, be presented to the Orator and Poet of the day for the interesting and appropriate address and poem, and that a copy be herewith requested for publication.

I am Sir,

Very Respectfully Yours,

F. S. AINSWORTH,

Chairman of the Committee of Publication.

EUGENE BATCHELDER, Esq.,
Old Cambridge, Mass.

P R E F A C E .

THE first poem in this little volume, was delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the town of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, on the 11th of September, 1850.

The Committee having requested a copy for publication, it is accordingly published in its present form. No one can regret more than myself, that the early settlers of New Ipswich, did not furnish for their future historian, a more abundant harvest of "Romantic Incidents"; and yet how much those sturdy men accomplished.

They cleared the forests,—fought the Indians,—built log-houses,—erected churches, and forts,—laid out roads,—constructed bridges,—and above all, have transmitted to their children, (unscathed by the fire of the Revolution,) the blessings of Political, and Religious Liberty. A thousand towns in New-England, owe their prosperity to-day, to precisely such men; millions of beating hearts everywhere rise up to do them honor.

The other poems in this volume, have already had a wide circulation in the Magazines and periodicals of the country, during the last ten years, and are now, for the first time, collected. Some of these poems have appeared in *Littell's Living Age*, the *Boston Post*, the *Boston Atlas*, the *Evening Transcript*, the *Christian Witness*, the *Portland Transcript*, the *Boston Journal*, the *Cambridge Chronicle*, &c., &c., over the signature of Wave.

A few of the later poems were written for the columns of the *Waverly Magazine*, during the time that periodical was under the editorial charge of the author. With many emotions of doubt, and hope, they are again submitted, in this new form, to an indulgent public.

THE AUTHOR.

Old Cambridge, November 3d, 1850.

BORDER ADVENTURES.

How vain the task to paint the thoughts that burn
When wandering exiles to their homes return !
What feelings gush from every opening heart,
What tears of joy from every eyelid start,
What smiles rekindle, and what hopes renew,
As bursts once more our native town in view ;
What joyful welcomes bid the heart to feel
That kindness here, is not officious zeal,
But something more — a greeting kind, and warm,
That gladdens life, and takes your heart by storm.

This we have felt, a newborn impulse thrills
Our souls to think we tread our native hills ;
We view with joy that sacred village spire,
Illumed with light, as glows the east with fire,
And hear its chimes careering on the breeze
That still awake ten thousand memories.
We see the roof, where first we drew our breath,
Yon sacred graves, where rest our sires in death ;

The village play-ground, with its spreading tree,
Where oft we roamed in youthful frolics, free ;
The ancient school-house, where, with “ shining face,”
We first began fair learning’s mighty race ;
Mastered the mysteries of our A B C’s,
And spread our sails in wisdom’s freshening breeze,
Traced cabalistic problems on the board,
And o’er our slates, whole lines of figures poured ;
Mingled with pictures of the Master’s face,
Portraits not flatter’d by the artist’s grace,
Not drawn from memory, but all fresh, and fair,
Just as he sat, enthroned upon his chair —
Stood forth *these sketches*, of this man profound,
Whose fame extended many miles around :
No faint impressions were we known to trace,
But gave each frown its just, and proper place,
No Rubens taught us, in that magic art ;
We had his very mien, and form by heart,
For his impressions, made by rod and cane,
Were well Daguerreotyped on every brain.

We traced with Worcester, each land and sea,
Cyphered with Adams to the Rule of Three,
Spelt out big words from Perry’s Dictionary,
And learnt from Murray, how our verbs should vary,
Were taught the difference ’twixt “ could, would, and
should,”
And then were sent “ to go and bring in wood ” —

And while we piled it on the blazing fire,
Were taught how kingdoms, kings, and thrones expire.

And then at noon, impatient to be free,
We scampered out with many a shout of glee,
Or with the zeal that school-boys only know,
Rolled rough and tumble, in the drifted snow ;
Or from the fort, our busy hands had made,
Begin on some the snowy cannonade,
Launch the smooth snow-ball on its airy course, —
With aim unerring, and with reckless force,
Pour on the *dunce* in Academic Halls,
A flight of snow-flakes, and a storm of balls, —
Strike down the tell-tale, and the traitor, who
Has told at home, the exploits of the few :
No hope of help, the hapless tell-tale sees,
The icy missiles glitter in the breeze.
Deserted now upon the wintry plain,
He swiftly flies, — but flies alas ! in vain,
For sallying forth, with uproar wildly loud,
The angry urchins quickly round him crowd,
Plaster him thickly with a coat of snow,
And leave him there, a *monument* of woe !

Some stay at noon, — a mother's tender care
Oft filled our baskets with the daintiest fare ;
The mammoth dough-nut, and the apple pie,
Appealed at once to every hungry eye ;

Crackers and cheese, with apples red, and round,
A ready market at these noonings found :
The game of tag, in which the girls took part,
The merry laughter, springing from the heart,
The o'erturned benches, spreading ruin there,
The upset inkstand, and the broken chair,
And all the mischief school-boys ever do,
Is bravely done, from twelve o'clock, till two ;
Then comes the master, — and the noiseless chains
Of thought, and study, bind our burning brains.

Dear scenes of youth, our busy memory, true
To Nature's promptings, brings them all to view ;
And we would linger with the sacred past,
“ That was too bright, too beautiful to last ; ”
Recall again each vision long since fled,
Each happy day that with our childhood sped,
Each joyful hour, that, in the bloom of youth,
Link'd manhood's virtue, with dear woman's truth,
Each scene of life, — each well remembered scene,
Kept by the fountains of our mem'ry green, —
Shall live, and bloom, and gladden all the way
That leads triumphant to a brighter day.

How swift the coursers of old Time speed on,
A moment here — a moment, and he's gone !
We hear the rushing of his chariot wheels,
The next, his scythe trips up our heedless heels.

We saw him often on the Primer's page,
 With hoary beard, and air sedately sage,
 One hand upheld the *sandy glass* of fate,
 Whose grains, for mortals, never fall too late, —
 The other bore that instrument of Death,
 That reaps down all, who draw the vital breath ;
 A *slim* old fellow, whom we used to think,
 When of life's stream we trod the flowery brink,
 That *we*, at least, should *certainly* outlive him,
 Because in years, we had such odds to give him,
 And that perchance he'd leave us in his will
 His scythe, and hour-glass, as mementos, still—
 We see that he as strong, as stern, appears,
 As when we knew him in our earlier years,
 And while *we* wonder, why *he* do n't grow old,
He looks at us, and we in turn, turn cold.

So here, like Time, I trembling take my stand,
 The Past, the Future, spreads at either hand, —
 While all the Present opens on my view,
 I leave to fate, — your souls, your hearts, are true
 As were the hearts of those most gallant men
 Who found New Ipswich but a rocky glen,
 But who have made it, spite of rocks, and soil,
 To bloom, and blossom, by their manly toil.
 Where roamed the Indian through the forest shade,
 Now strays the lover with the bright-eyed maid ;

Where oft he paddled in his light canoe,
Our water wheels, drive looms, and spindles too ;
Where oft he hunted, through the woods profound,
Our honest farmers till the yielding ground ;
Where once was heard the twanging of his bow,
We hear the sheep bleat, and the cattle low,
Where once his war-dance trampled down the green,
Fair, peaceful children in their sports are seen,
Where oft in bloody fight he met his foes,
The village maiden culls the blushing rose,
And while she wreathes it in her shining hair,
She dreams but little of the struggle there ;
The whistling arrow, and the dented plain,
The knife that glittered in the chieftain's brain,
The fierce wild war-whoop, and the song of death,
Where tortur'd captives drew their latest breath ; —
How can she dream, so peaceful is the scene,
That such wild wars, and men, have ever been ?
Where roamed the deer, beneath the greenwood tree,
Our well-fed oxen plough the stubborn lea,
And plenty showers o'er all our wide domain,
Its wealth of harvest, in our ripening grain.

Thus shines the present, safe from war's alarms —
You till in peace your old ancestral farms,
Blithe with the Spring, the busy task begin,
And feast at Autumn, when the Harvest 's in ;

Crown'd is the board with all that man desires ;
Bright blush the ceilings, with your ruddy fires,
But brighter eyes are beaming round the board,
With mirth and fun, with love, and frolic stored.
For who is sad when old Thanksgiving comes,
With all its wealth of sweet-meats, pies and plums.
Behold the farm-house, — at the old farm gate
A merry group in high expectance wait, —
The happy farmer, and the welcome guest,
The city cousin—very nicely drest !
The village beauty, in her bran new hood ;
The happy children—most *discreetly good* ;
The mother waiting for her eldest son,
Who brings the bride, he has but lately won ;
The village lovers, who have come to share
The evening revel, and the generous fare ;
The little boys, with collars white as snow,
Who all *the good things* in the larder know.
The little girls, their hair with *ribbons tied*,
Who wait to welcome the expected bride ;
The trusty house-dog, with his knowing face,
Who seems to think that something will take place,
Though what that *something is*, he does not know,
Walks gravely round, with steps serenely slow.
But see, they come, the jingling bells are heard,
Forth flies to meet them, many a welcome word ;
The mother holds within her warm embrace,
The new found daughter, with her smiling face ;

The boys and girls, around their brother crowd,
With eyes all welcome, and with greetings loud.
Oh ! happy group ; and oh ! most happy day,
Ne'er shall New England see its fame decay ;
It still shall live,—and all the future yet,—
Shall never once *Thanksgiving day* forget.

But now I pause, to trace the scenes long past,
And weave a song that here I humbly cast —
To all of you, and trust that it may be
Worthy, New Ipswich, of thy Sires, and thee !

THE SONG.

I.

How noiseless and swift have a hundred years fled,
How fast they have circled away,
Since our fathers first gazed on these hills that we tread
With such varied emotions to-day.
Oh ! say, did they dream, as they shouldered the axe,
And trod through the forest's dark maze,
With their rifles, and household gear slung at their backs,
That we on this fair scene should gaze ;
Did they dream, as the deer started forth from their path,
And sped through the forest away, —
While the Indian look'd down from yon hill in his wrath,
At his hunting grounds stolen away, —

That we on this morning, should all gather here,
From city — town — valley — and glen, —
To recite all the deeds, which we now hold *so dear*,
Of those glorious Pioneer Men.

II.

No, they thought not of us ; but, to hazard a guess,
I suspect that they thought vastly more
Of how they should manage, by skill and address,
To keep famine, and wolves, from their door :
I suspect that their thoughts took a practical turn,
That they felt, there was *work* to be *done*,
That *their future* was bounded, by what they could earn,
'Twixt the sun-rise, and set of the sun ;
That they thought of the friends they had left on the shore,
So many day's journey away —
Where the bright waters dance, and the loud billows roar,
In Boston's old time-honored Bay ;
And as fancy reviewed ev'ry scene of the past,
They sighed, if such men ever sigh,
That though now in the desert their bleak lot was cast,
They might once see those shores ere they die.

To trace the history of an ancient town,
From quaint traditions, dimly handed down,

Requires an eye, of fifty horse power force,
And microscopes "*ad libitum*" of course.
Our learned doctor ⁽¹⁾ can the creature tell,
If he but sees a fragment of the shell ;
Show any fin of any fish to him,
He knows its name, and where it used to swim ;
Show him a stone, and he will tell you where
The strata lies, and how you found it there,
Whether 'twas thither by a glacier carried,
Or by the Deluge to the mountain married.
Show *him* the feather of a single wing,
He knows the bird, and how it used to sing.
Give *him* the leg of any toad, or frog,
He knows its habits, and its favorite bog,
Oh ! would that I, with equal skill could turn,
The dust that moulders on tradition's urn,
To its true form, and show you bright and new,
Each ancient legend, in its pristine hue.

What claims at first, the grave historian's care ?
Brave Foster's log-house, built precisely square,⁽²⁾
Yet such a house, in seventeen thirty-eight,
Was quite a palace in the Granite State !
The next new fact, that early dates disclose —
Is, that a temple to Jehovah rose ; —
'Twas built of logs, but *well* the logs were hewed,⁽³⁾
A sight, *our neighbors* with much wonder viewed ;

Rough hemlock bark, peeled off with proper care,
Instead of shingles, roofed *this* house of prayer :—
And oft they gathered, in that humble place,
To ask protection from the Throne of Grace.
No echoing bell, a hundred years ago,
Swelled o'er the wood-lands, and the meadows low,
But when the week was o'er, its labors done,
When rose in heaven the peaceful Sabbath sun,
Then gray-haired men, and youthful maidens, came
To sing the praise of their Redeemer's name.

Next in events, above Souhegan's stream
The woodman's axe, reflects the morning beam.
They throw with skill, above its sparkling tide
The new made bridge, with arches stout and wide.
Ah ! bright Souhegan, often then you lent
The new caught salmon to the settler's tent,
Oft to thy tide came herds of deer to drink,
Nor marked the marksman on thy flowery brink,
Whose levelled rifle, sent the ball of death,
That stopped their gambols and their vital breath,
While thy bright tide received their gentle blood,
And swept it onward with thy rushing flood.
So far in peace we have pursued our way
With dim traditions somewhat old and gray,
But now of war and bloody deeds we hear,
The war-whoop rises on the startled ear.

In seventeen forty-five this war began.

Leagued with the French were many a savage clan
Of Indians wild, who thirsted for the fight,
Whose hideous howlings stunned the ear of night,
A band of devils joined with desperate men,
Who filled the land with blood and rapine then.
See, through the woods they hold their dread career,
To where Watatick's cliffs in grandeur rear
Their awful heads above the lowly glen
That held brave Fitch,⁽⁴⁾ with all his gallant men.
New Ipswich heard the deadly shout of war,
And raised two forts to hold the foe in awe,
And Captain Tucker,⁽⁵⁾ all his skill revealed,
In teaching men, their duty for the field, —
And here we give, in different metre quite,
A little history of Watatick's fight.

Brightly the sun was gleaming at morning,
Over the wide and glittering plain,
While millions of flowers, the woodlands adorning,
Bent low with the wealth of the yesterday's rain.
Up o'er the mountains, the white mists were curling,
Scaling in columns, like armies, the steep,
While far, far above them, his dark wings unfurling,
Soared the proud Eagle swiftly, with wide circling sweep.
Downward the torrents roared on to the valley,
Bursting impetuous, foaming and free,

Like the hosts of the brave, when in battle they rally,
And charge, as the waves charge, the shores of the sea.
That morning brave Fitch to his comrades had cried,
We have waited them long, but they do not appear,
Perhaps in the woods by starvation they've died,
So to-day you may hunt in the forest the deer,
So off then they sallied that morn to the chase,
And left Captain Fitch in the Fort all alone,
All but women and children deserted the place,
And this by the spies of the Indians was known.
See, see, from the woods how their dark forms advance,
While the French lead them on in their bloody career,
The bright sun is gleaming on musket and lance,
And the war-whoop proclaims that the battle is near,
But no terror can startle the hearts of the brave ;
So Fitch loaded up all his guns great and small,
And determined those children and matrons to save,
Or else in defence of his country to fall.
By his courage inspired, those women declared
They had rather meet death than yield to their foes ;
Then like heroes those matrons their muskets prepared,
And loudly the shouts of the conflict arose.
The Indians and French are a hundred or more,
And the men in the Fort, they number but two,
But the women fight well, their guns loudly roar,
For they fight for their children, and firesides too.
But alas ! though so nobly for honor they fight,
They are lost, for the foe by their numbers prevail,

And their burning fort gleams through the darkness *that*
night,

And the shouts of the victors are loud on the gale ;
Then their captives they march on a desolate track
To Canada, far through the wilderness drear,—
Though little they know, that, pursuing them back,
The Lunenburg settlers hung close on their rear.
To the rescue as forward they marched on their trail
The pursuers espied, on a wide spreading tree,
A few lines from Fitch, roughly scratched with a nail,
“ In which he desired no rescue might be
Attempted, for then every prisoner must die
A lingering death, by the stake, or the steel.”
So they left them to fate, while each sorrowing eye,
Told a tale that their manliness could not conceal.

Swift to New Ipswich flies this fearful news.
How such wild tidings courage oft subdues,
And sends the life-blood thrilling to the heart,
With all the horror terror can impart !
They feel at once they are no more secure,
They'd rather fly than such wild wrongs endure,
And so to Townsend many take their way ;
But Captain Tucker has resolved to stay
And bear the brunt of every savage fray.
He fears no Indian, and he dreads no harm,
But works as usual on his new made farm,

Retires each evening to our Ipswich fort,
And makes of fear a mockery and a sport.
A few brave spirits are with Tucker there,
And all his hardships and his dangers share ;
They load their guns, and watch each weary night,
Lest their neglect should prowling foes invite,
Thus watch and ward they kept with anxious care,
And Peace returning, found them faithful there.
Now back from Townsend came our valiant friends,
And Chelmsford too, some hardy settlers sends ;
The Appletons and Chandlers also came,
To link New Ipswich with their growing fame ;
The Chandlers on Souhegan built a mill,
And Kidder'll (⁶) point you to its ruins still.
And now to-day a hundred years are sped,
Those gallant settlers sleep among the dead ;
But here, in passing, I in brief review
The deeds they did, to keep their memory new.
Oh, ne'er should we forget our sires of old !
Oft are their virtues and their exploits told,
Yet not too oft can we repeat the tale
That hallows now each hill and dell and vale.
Let patriot poets still their deeds rehearse,
And crown their memory with immortal verse.
Let not the orator the theme disdain,
Nor yet the school-boy of the task complain ;
By infant lips still be the lesson read
Of those who fought, and those who nobly bled,

And let the man still cherish in his breast
The names of those who to the battle prest.
Let not our critics with their pens deride
The books that tell us who have fought and died ;
No, let the Land each tale of valor learn,
And wreath with bays each humble patriot's urn.
So shall this boundless Empire of the West
Stand for the future with new honors drest.
New Ipswich holds within its records those
Who nobly met and fought their country's foes.
Nor must I pass them here in silence by,
Who waged for *us* the war of Liberty.
Our valiant townsmen to the rescue flew,
When Concord's fight New England's heroes knew,
They joined the host that compassed " Boston Town,"
And helped to strike St. George's banner down.
On Bunker's height our brave New Ipswich men
Made good their claims to veteran heroes then ;
They saw the lines of England's hosts advance,
No coward eye betrayed the craven's glance,
They wrote with Putnam then their rights in blood,
And poured their volleys on the advancing flood,
Heard the fierce roll of England's rattling drums,
" As the long line with fearful splendor comes,"
Yet faltered not to meet the dreadful shock,
But stood as firm as old Monadnock's rock,(?)
Tossed the sharp death-shot from each rattling gun,
And gazed unblanched on battle's reddening sun.

No thought was there of flight or base retreat,
They came the minions of King George to meet,
And meant to show what untried skill would do,
That fights for freedom, and for vengeance too.
Thirty-six soldiers from New Ipswich there
Breathed the fierce smoke of battle's dusky air,
Nor turned they backward to their homes again
Till freedom triumphed on old Yorktown's plain.
The war is done, and peace returns once more
With genial sunshine, to our happy shore.
New Ipswich feels the influence of its ray,
And hearts that once were sad are blythe and gay.
Now education claimed our fathers' care,
And quickly rose a structure large and fair.
"Our friends are welcomed to this classic ground,
For such it now most surely may be crowned,"
When patriots, heroes, statesmen, hither come
To gaze once more upon the well known dome,
By kindness reared, where erst of yore we pored
O'er tomes with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin stored.
Here studied Bowdoin's learned President,^(s)
The fame and peace he gained, might well content
His grasping mind, enriched with heavenly lore,
Mid learning's bowers, he found death's silent shore.
Each circling year saw many a gifted son
Leave this retreat, its honors bravely won ;
As learning's seat, it made some little noise,
And here were sent the Peterborough boys.

And with them came James Wilson, famed *Long Jim*,⁽⁹⁾
Who further then could *ride, or jump, or swim*!!
Than any boy in all the country round,
And just as hard to beat him now 't is found ;
At Washington, where statesmen legislate,
He often whips them in the fierce debate.
Ah ! glorious Wilson, as I' ve heard you speak,
I' ve felt the tears come coursing down my cheek,
As you with power some scene of sorrow drew
In your own way, all eloquent and new,
And many an eye besides my own grew dim,
The tear just starting on the eye-lid's brim,
When presto, change, the sorrow all is o'er,
And every voter laughs his loudest roar,
Flies to the polls, and there is heard to swear
That none but Wilson could have brought him there.
Oh, *long Jim* Wilson, *long* may kindly fate
Spare such apropos to our old Granite State.
And Miller came, who bravely said " I'll try,"
Then stormed and took Old England's battery,
Led on his men through Lundy's fearful Lane,
And crowned our banner with new light again.
Our merchant princes princely are in *deed* ;
When pity calls, their hearts and purses bleed ;
Our old Academy such patrons found
In those whose gifts of charity abound.
The generous Appletons, ⁽¹⁰⁾ with right good will
Helped push the car up learning's rugged hill,

They gave good aid, but other aid 't will need
Ere all its plans, and all its hopes succeed.
Oh ! may the wealth that fortune showers down
Come back to beautify our native town.

An artist, too, now claims a moment's care,
Who breathes with us to-day his native air.
Our gifted Champney (¹¹) is well known to fame,
And honors still are crowding round his name.
Our own rough hills inspired the painter's eye,
He watched them glowing in the sunset sky,
And caught each tint upon his easel there,
Till shone the landscape on the canvas fair.
Though nourished 'neath our rugged northern pine,
He painted with such skill the vine-clad Rhine,
That travellers as they saw each fold
Before their wondering eyes unrolled
Point out, and know, each castled town
That o'er its waves in grandeur frown.

Here must I pause, for ah ! I fear too long
I've kept you from your dinners by my song,
But still I linger o'er my latest page,
To pour my tribute to an ancient sage.
Illustrious Farrar, (¹²) few like thee may crave
Such long indulgence from the greedy grave,
And few like thee so full of honors fall,
Admired and loved, and deeply mourned by all.

Farewell, farewell, this day is flying fast,
Soon 'twill be numbered with the mighty past ;
But often we with pleasure shall look back,
As o'er life's sea we hold our stormy track,
To this fair Haven, where we safely lay,
And moored our barks with pleasure for a day,
Forgot the tempests of life's troubled main,
And pressed the hands of welcome friends again,
Threw off the burden of our daily toil,
And trod once more our own our native soil :
And though to-morrow we may spread our sail,
And bear away before fair fortune's gale,
Yet still some word of kindly greeting here
Shall linger with us, on our brief career,
Until we reach that bright and heavenly shore,
Where storms invade not, and no billows roar ;
Oh ! there again may we in perfect peace
Meet,—where all partings, and all sorrows cease.

N O T E S.

Note 1.—Page 16.

Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston, the distinguished naturalist. He is a native of New Ipswich, and was the orator of the day.

Note 2.—Page 16.

Abijah Foster built the first log house, in 1738.

Note 3.—Page 16.

This meeting-house stood on Judge Farrar's Hill; it was thirty feet square, built of logs very nicely hewed, and roofed with bark. The superior elegance of this temple, excited the wonder of the neighboring towns. During the War of 1745, some of the early settlers of New Ipswich fled to East Townsend; while absent this meeting-house was burnt by the Indians.

Note 4.—Page 18.

Captain Fitch had a few men and several women and children, with him in his fort near Watatick's Hill, a short distance from New Ipswich. This fort was attacked by about a hundred French and Indians, while the men were out hunting; Captain Fitch and one other man being left alone; this man was soon badly wounded by a ball in the neck. Mrs. Fitch and the women came bravely to the rescue, loading and firing their muskets with such valor, that the Indians proposed to them that, if they would surrender the fort, they should be taken to Canada without harm. The fort was surrendered, and burnt by the Indians, and

Fitch and his party were marched off to Canada. One of the men by the name of Perkins, who was out hunting, was also shot by the Indians. The Lunenburg settlers armed at once, and pursued the Indians, but while following the trail, they accidentally found on a tree a note from Captain Fitch, in which he assured them that if any rescue was attempted, the prisoners would be immediately butchered. The pursuers, therefore, returned. Captain Fitch and his party were carried to Canada, though he afterwards made his escape and returned to New Ipswich. Nearly all the New Ipswich people, concluded to go to East Townsend and remain until the war was over.

Note 5.—Page 18.

Captain Tucker with a few brave spirits, decided to remain in garrison at the New Ipswich fort, instead of going with the other settlers to East Townsend. He kept "watch and ward" until the war was over.

Note 6.—Page 21.

Frederic Kidder, Esq., a native of New Ipswich and now a merchant of Boston. He is well versed in the antiquarian lore of New Ipswich, and of New Hampshire. I am deeply indebted to him for many valuable facts.

Note 7.—Page 22.

The mountain of Monadnock is within a few miles of New Ipswich, and in clear weather is always in sight. There were thirty-six, and some accounts say fifty-six, soldiers from New Ipswich at the battle of Bunker Hill. The muster roll of this Company is in the possession of Mr. Kidder.

Note 8.—Page 23.

The Rev. Jesse Appleton, a native of New Ipswich, and for several years President of Bowdoin College, Maine.

Note 9.—Page 24.

Gen. James Miller, the hero of Lundy's Lane, and Gen. James Wilson, were both educated at this academy.

Note 10.—Page 24.

The Hon. Nathan Appleton, and his brother Samuel Appleton, Esq., of Boston, are both natives of New Ipswich. They have done much to promote the cause of education in their native town.

At the Centennial Dinner a letter was read from Samuel Appleton, Esq., which concluded with a toast, in which he gave \$5000 to the New Ipswich Academy.

Note 11.—Page 25.

Benjamin Champney, the well known artist, is a native of New Ipswich. His Panorama of the Rhine has won from the press and the public, wherever it has been seen, the highest testimonials of approbation. As a work of art, it is unrivaled in America.

Note 12.—Page 25.

The Hon. Judge Farrar, of New Ipswich, was graduated at Harvard University at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. He died at the advanced age of one hundred and two years.

MISCELLANEOUS AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE UNION.

Where is the spirit our Fathers felt ?
Where are the hopes that grew
When in prayer on the battle field they knelt
And swore to be brave and true ?
When lifting high the armed hand,
And bowing the plumed head—
They prayed, Oh God, may the Union stand !
Then rushed where the valiant bled.

II.

Has that hallowed influence fled ?
Those hopes from our hearts died out ?
Is that prayer, and that spirit, wholly dead ?
Are our minds and souls less stout ?
We need not pray, where our Fathers prayed
In the ranks of a steadfast band,—
But we'll say like heroes undismayed,
Oh God, may this Union stand !

THE NEW-ENGLAND CREED—ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

I.

Take care of yourself,—what's the world to you,
With its sorrow, sin, and crime ?
If you want to be rich, find something to do,—
The poor are seldom sublime.
To swim in the stream of wealth that flows,
You must struggle with greedy men ;
And one who has swum in the stream well knows
It 's your only motto then.

II.

Take care of yourself,—you 're in luck if you
Can build castles out of air—
Or sail the ship, or pay the crew,
From the profits *visions* bear.
You must learn this truth, this startling truth—
That the man who has laid up pelf
Rose up one morn, in his early youth,
And said, “ Take care of yourself ! ”

A BOSTON SONG OF 1775.

"So deeply rooted was this horror of the very name of king in the bosom of the Romans, that under their worst tyrants, and in the darkest days, the forms of the republic were preserved."—*Everett's Orations and Speeches*, vol. I. p. 153.

This song is from an unpublished poem, entitled "A Romance of the Union, or a shot at the Old World from the New." It is supposed to be sung by a young gentleman of Boston, one of the principal characters in the poem, on the day before the battle of Lexington.

I.

The days of kings are numbered,—
 There shall be no more kings !
 Why should the earth be cumbered
 With such worse than useless things ?
 Why should the soul be daunted,
 With the gaudy pomp they bring,
 Or think that a "divinity
 Can hedge about a king."

II

Freemen, are never freemen
 'Till they are wholly free ;
 They must feel, and act, and be men,
 And must not seem to be.
 We are ready for the contest,
 We have placed our hopes on high,
 And as Freemen we will triumph,
 Or as Freemen we will die !

CALIFORNIA SONG.

This song was written, and dedicated, to a party of gentlemen that left Boston for California by the "overland route." They were organized as a military company.

I.

Huzza! Our tents full soon we'll strike!

And then we'll march away,

We're going to leave the "Old Bay State"

For San Francisco's Bay.

Sadly we leave our father land,

But oh! we still shall be

Where floats above our western strand

The banner of the free!

Chorus.—March! brothers, march!

Long our flag shall be

The glory of our western shore!

The mistress of the sea!!

II.

Our ranks hold not the soulless knave,

Who thinks that *gold alone*

Could bid us all the dangers brave

That round our path are thrown;

The chain of UNION, link by link,

We draw across the land!

And from *that distant ocean's* brink

We'll stretch a friendly hand.

Chorus.—March! brothers, march!

III.

We bear, besides our banners bright,

True hearts, that long have known
To worship at the "shrine of right,"

But not a monarch's throne.

The despot's foot we 'll never kiss !

But wholly, truly free,

No tyrant soul shall taint our bliss

With selfish slavery.

Chorus.—March ! brothers, march !!

IV.

All gorgeously, those golden hills

Shall flash upon our sight !

While waving woods and silvery rills

Adorn each glittering height.

Not all the *wealth* of *golden sand*,

Or *mines* of *virgin ore*,

Can make us recreant to our LAND,

Or traitors to our SHORE.

Chorus.—March ! brothers, march !!

CUT THE WIRES.

The steamer 's in! and every man
 Has more than he can do,
 For each has formed a settled plan,
 And means "to put it through."
 But, alas! for the castles built in air,
 Alas! for all vain desires,
 The city is struck with a wild despair;
 For some scamp has "cut the wires!"

II.

The charm of the thing is this, that I
 Had of corn an ample store;
 But had just sent off a despatch to buy
 Ten thousand bushels more;
 For hearing the news by my "carrier dove
 That the "heaviest firms were buyers,"
 I thought it snug as "a pair of gloves,"
 And now they've "cut the wires!"

III.

The news is bad, as I must lose
 A part of the bushels bought,
 (I would the fiend that me pursues,
 Had the wire cutters caught.)

By my desk, I swear! this very night!

That the corn that has no buyers,
I will give to any lucky wight
That *knows who* "cut the wires."

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT SPARKS.

When EDWARD EVERETT resigned his post, as President of Harvard College, it was presumed, in Cambridge, that this ceremony would not take place, and these lines were written under that impression. It was afterwards performed.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

*An Extract from the letter of a Student in "The University at Cambridge,"
to his brother TOM in New York.*

* * * * *

What! no Inauguration! its funny, but a fact,
That our glorious Professors, have very little tact;
How men so fond of eating, should give up so good a spree,
Has puzzled my poor brain, much more than Pei**e's
Algebra.

The truth is, Tom, the Cambridge men, would like right
well to eat,
But they say "Old Harvard" can't afford her numerous
sons to treat.

They have had a consultation, and counted up the cost,
Two thousand, was the total, so this jolly feast was lost,
And the "Mutual Admiration," they're struck with mute
despair,

For they'd planned, in flowing bumpers, to *toast each other there.*

Well, we have been a thinking, that we'd get up the spree !
And ask the Faculty to dine, and their wives to come to
tea !

And if there's any children, why, gracious, beg they'll
bring 'em,

And we'll provide them aprons of the very best of gingham :
Ask the Governor and Council, the Senate, and all that,
The Mayor and the Aldermen, so plump and jolly fat,
The House of Representatives, yes, they must be invited,
Or every country member'd think his little town was
slighted ;

And also delegations from Columbia, Bowdoin, Yale !
With their Professors, and their Presidents, will be here
without fail,

And every other College that our wide Republic knows,
Shall send us three, to this great spree, this blow of all the
blows.

Prince Albert, who is Chancellor, perhaps may get invited,
But if he don't why little Vic. will feel that he is slighted.
To all the Cape Cod fishermen we're going to drop a line,
Just to beg they'll catch the "Sea Serpent," so Aga***z
may dine !

For he's declared the *beast* will have, whenever *he is caught*,
Four paddles, tho' he does'nt know whether they're long
or short.

CHARLES SUMNER, the committee say, shall have an invitation,

Because the students all admire his "Phi Beta" Oration.
If Fanny Kemble Butler is in town, we mean to have her
At the "tea fight" in the evening, she will be the mental
lever.

Holmes will read us at the dinner, the lines that killed the
man

Who died, because Holmes dared to write as funny as he
can ;

We have no fear of dying, how e'er so queer they be,
For we mean to fortify our brains, with pages twelve and
three,

From that queerest book on Harvard, "old Quin**s" history.
And Longfellow has promised to write us such an *ode* ;
The subject is a secret, that must'nt yet be "*blowed* !"
And Fe***n, the committee say, will just one hour speak,
And give the *Prof*'s. a little touch, in the very choicest
Greek ;

While Dr. B**k in Latin will make a long reply,
The students they will listen and will heave a weary sigh,
But quickly they'll prick up their ears, when they come to
hear the song,

That J***s R*****l Lowell's promised, and the Club will
sing it strong,

Then we'll all give glad attention, when very slowly rising,
The Ex-President begins his speech with eloquence sur-
prising.

Ah ! Tom, we really love him, he has been the best of men,
 We only fear that we shall ne'er "look on his like again."
 And we are really sorry, Tom, that he must really go,
 And leave us e'er he's taught us half that he is known to
 know ;

But still we trust our Country will give him some great trust,
 While we, the Harvard students, think of giving him "a
 bust!"

Dr. Jackson at the banquet will wear Napoleon's star !
 That belongs by right to Morton, and has caused "a pre-
 cious jar ;"

'Twould take PARSONS, PARKER, DEXTER, with CHOATE
 and all the rest,

To tell, why those *wise Frenchmen* thought that he de-
 served it best !!

About the illumination, we have n't settled that,
 Though it's caused in certain circles a deal of brilliant chat;
 They say as Sparks is coming in, that all our college
 "winders"

Should be festooned — no, not with lamps, but sparkling
 sparks and cinders.*

The cinders emblematical of the flame that genius blew
 When the great chieftain's life and times, the patient
 scholar drew.

The coal that he was touch'd by, from his country's altar
 came,

* CINDERS. Small coals or particles of fire. I believe this word is never used as synonymous with ashes.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

And biographies are merely the cinders of his fame.

Away your wreaths of colored lamps, your dips of softened
lard,

We want whole lumps of solid light, to light up fame that's
hard.*

We mean to get some sky-rockets, and send them to the
skies,

So the gods upon Olympus had "better mind their eyes;"

They never cared for Harvard: *her* Professors long have
been

The hope of Boston ladies!! and the pride of Boston men.

Brave Bowen he is coming to her rescue — but alack!

It's peculiar that the rescue begins with an attack.

Tom! Cambridge is the *wisest* place that ever I was in,
There are lots of pretty girls here, — but few have "got
the tin;"

But then they're smart, I tell you, Tom, right smart, and
very wise,

They know the minute Venus sets, the moment Mars will
rise,

They'll tell you "lots" about the stars, and just how many
million

There are of rose bugs on a rose, while dancing one cotillon.

And one is really beautiful, every tongue her praises swell,

You remember, at the Newport ball, Aurora was the belle

* Solid.

You know, dear Tom, right well, that from a school boy I
have been

A scratching rhymes, at various times, whene'er I catch a
pen ;

These lines were written off, Tom, in a hurry, as you see,
So pray excuse whate'er the muse through haste has said
to thee.

But as its getting rather late, and time to close this scrawl,
Yet let me say, we mean the *day*, to wind up with a ball ;
(We mean to hire Tom Hyer, Tom, to *thrash* the silly
man

Who dares to throw cold water on this last and brilliant
plan.)

And what with lots of feasting, and what with lots of fun,
If there's any of the night left, when the Fancy Ball is
done —

Why we mean to go to Porter's, upon a jolly spree,
And sing till morning the refrain of " Vive la Companie."

P. S. But, Tom, I add this postscript, and I beg you'll
mark it well,

That as within Old Cambridge there is no good HOTEL.*
If sister Kate is coming, to *be here* long with mother,
I'll speak for rooms in *Boston* ; but as your Christian
brother

Would like to have your company, I'll try to do for thee

* Both the Railway and Hotel are now finished.

As I should wish in such a case that you would do for me,
 And as the RAILWAY isn't *done*, why come out in the 'bus,
 And chum and I will fix it so that you can sleep with us.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND THE AMERICANS.

"My friend brag not, yet of our American cousins ! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources I believe to be almost unspeakable ; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or legally admire, has yet been produced there ? None ; the American cousins have yet done none of these things."—THOMAS CARLYLE'S *Latter-Day Pamphlet*. The Present Time—P. 22.

I.

"We have not done a noble thing !"

(At least, so says CARLYLE,)

This taunt, to most men's lips, will bring
 The deep sarcastic smile.

We never sent six gallant ships,
 Deep freighted o'er the main,
 To give to *Ireland's starving lips*,
 The wealth of Western grain !

II.

"We never did a noble thing !"

The Pilgrim Fathers trod

No self-denying march to bring,
 Their children home to God.
 Ben. FRANKLIN, — Out ! poor Printer boy !
 How dared *he* dare to teach
 Man that Jove's Bolts he might destroy,
 By power within his reach !

III.

We never did a noble thing !
 The noblest thing of all
 Was cutting loose from *England's King*,
 And *his* oppressive thrall !
 When flinging back, his power, and might,
 Across the stormy sea,
 We wrote upon our cliffs in light —
 This LAND, is truly free !

IV.

We never did a noble thing !
 Has *Fulton*, lived in vain ?
 Shall England's Minstrels never sing
 Of WASHINGTON again ?
 We scorn, we spurn your idle taunt, —
 For still beneath the sun,
 Where e'er *our* flag, or race we plant,
There noble deeds are done.

SONG OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

These lines were written under the following circumstances. The author happened to dine with Major ALVORD of the fourth regiment of the United States Infantry, Col. WRIGHT, and several other officers, of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, a short time before they left Boston, for Mexico. At dinner Major ALVORD, (who had just returned from Mexico, and had recently been promoted, for his bravery and coolness at the battles of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma,) turned to me, and repeated that well known verse of HOSEA BIGLOW's, beginning

“Ez fer war, I call it murder,”

and ending with

“An you’ve gut to git up airly,
Ef you want to take in God;”

and inquired if I knew the author.

I immediately mentioned the name of LOWELL.

The poem was variously criticised by those gallant young men, who were so soon to peril their fortunes, in the defence of their country, and her honor; and it was while listening to their noble expressions, of burning patriotism, and manly determination, to offer up their lives for their country, and her cause, that catching their enthusiasm, I wrote that evening, this song for the Massachusetts volunteers, which was published the next morning, in the Boston Post. A parody on this song appeared, at the time the troops sailed for Mexico, which was written probably by some FANATICAL TRAITOR, and DISUNIONIST, or some ANTI-CHURCH, ANTI-CHRISTIAN, and ANTI-EVERY-THING, poet of the Abby Folsom, and William Lloyd Garrison faction, the last two lines of each verse ending with,

“Stay at home, and hoe your ’taters,
And be sure that you are right.”

I.

Huzza ! we ask no reason,
 But rush on to the fight ;
 We scorn the voice of treason —
 We *feel* that we are *right*.
 At Monterey our *brothers*
 Wave our glorious banner high !
 Shall they alone — no others
 Share the wreaths of victory ?

II.

Aye, gallant hearts are thronging
 To the banners of the free —
 Hearts that feel they're strong in
 Their *country's* purity :
 Their vows are on *her* altars,
 Their bright swords in their hands —
 With *devotion* that ne'er falters,
 They will *charge* those hostile bands.

III.

Bands, driven by oppression
 To meet the brave, and free,
 Who long since made confession
 They would hail our sovereignty !
 We know all a soldier's duty —
 We will fight them if they fight ;
 Only yield to youth and beauty,
 For *we feel* that we are *right*.

OUR BOSTON MEN.

I.

WE have men in Boston,
Walking round our town,
Who look like antique statues
From their niches taken down.

II.

Very noble looking persons, —
With a style and cast of face
That a Powers well might copy,
As the height of manly grace.

III.

But these men *are not* of marble,
For they act, and think, and feel, —
And to virtue, truth, and honor,
They are ever true as steel.

IV.

When the plaintive voice of sorrow
Has asked aid from purse or pen,
Who have granted it so freely
As our noble Boston men?

ASCUTNEY MOUNTAIN.

Ascutney Mountain, in Windsor and Wethersfield, Vt. rises three thousand three hundred feet, above the level of the sea. The view from this Mountain is thought finer, than that obtained from Mount Washington. There is a beautiful water fall, some thirty feet high, on the Western side of the Mountain. The writer feels confident, from his own recollections of the White Mountains that there is no view there, that can equal the one obtained from Ascutney. The following lines were written, while enjoying the view from the western slope of this mountain, during a recent visit.

LINES WRITTEN ON ASCUTNEY MOUNTAIN.

I.

Ascutney! from thy rocky steep,
 I look afar o'er hill and dale,
 And see yon glittering river sweep
 In beauty through the peaceful vale.
 I see the curling smoke-wreaths rise
 Where burn our early Autumn-fires,
 And pointing to the silent skies,
 Gleam, far and near, the scattered spires.

II.

And distant as my eye can stretch,
 Unnumbered hills, with verdure green,
 The slanting rays of sunset catch,
 While shaded valleys sleep between.
 And silently the eagle soars
 Above the hamlet and the hill,
 And, save where yonder torrent roars,
 The whole broad earth seems calm and still.



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